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MURDER WILL OUT.

THE MYSTERY SURROUNDING THE STURGIS TRAGEDY CLEARS AWAY.

Louis Land Makes a Confession and is in Jail With the Other Assassins.

Sturgis, Ky., April 7.—This city is again ablaze with excitement over the Oliver-Dulaney tragedy, owing to the confession of Lewis Land, who is a very quiet young man, and hitherto has been unsuspected.

He was apparently a warm friend of the Oliver family and acted as pall-bearer at the funeral of the murdered girl, and has been a constant watcher by the bedside of the wounded man, and after watching him all night he broke down to-day and sought Police Judge Berry and made a full confession, as follows:

The Commonwealth of Kentucky, plaintiff, vs. Frank Holt, George Dulaney, Will Omer, J. L. Tate, W. H. Holt, Alex. Thompson and a stranger, defendants. Affidavit of Lewis Land. The affiant, Lewis Land, says he

OVERSLEPT AND VOLUNTARILY

Makes this affidavit and confession in the presence of Jesse Jones, W. W. Pierson and H. M. Davis and Judge A. J. Berry without any duress or force upon their part or any person whatever. Now I, Lewis Land, do solemnly state, God being my witness, that the above named persons were all present at the shooting and killing of Abbie Oliver on the 5th day of April, 1893, and at the same time that Taylor Oliver was shot and wounded. I state further that about 8 or 10 o'clock on the night of the 7th of the said month, Bill Omer came to my room at his father's house, in Sturgis, Ky., and asked me to get up and go out in town and see if they had captured Henry. I told him no. I did not want to go. It was not my fight. He said a pistol had been fired; that he thought that

IT WAS A SIGNAL.

That Henry was captured and wanted me to go with him, but I did not go. I went to sleep, and when I awoke in the morning, I found that I had been back and woke me up, and wanted me to go to Frank Holt's and George Dulaney's with them. That they were afraid not to go, that they had promised to let them know when Henry was captured. But I refused to go, and they went without me. Then I went to sleep again. Will Omer came and woke me up again. "Get up, Lewis, the boys will be here directly. They want you to go with them." I told them I did not want to go, but he insisted on my going out into town anyway. I finally agreed to go with them. We walked around awhile, and stopped close to Bennett's coal house, which is close to his store, and directly Frank Holt, Geo. Dulaney, Jim Lee Tate and the stranger came up

ON THEIR HORSES

And one of them was leading a horse. They had three shot guns. They fired me a gun and a horse if I would go with them. I told them I did not want to hurt anybody; that they wanted to get Henry Dulaney if he did not want to marry the woman. Then we all went up to Will Omer's, and he got his horse. We then started to Morganfield—that is, they said they were going there. When we got near the Dyer Hill Frank Holt insisted that I should have a gun, and did place a gun in my hands. So we went on—Frank Holt and George Dulaney were riding abreast and in front; myself and the stranger were riding abreast behind them. Will Omer and J. L. Tate were close behind me. Will Holt and Alex. Thompson, whom we

WENT ON THE ROAD

Near Dyer Hill, we went with us. They were close behind. We were close on the top of the hill when we saw the carriage coming. Frank Holt and George Dulaney ordered us in line. We formed a diagonal line in the road. Frank Holt said:

"Is Henry Dulaney in there?"

They kept on driving, and a pistol or gun was fired from the carriage. Then the three foremost men commenced firing, two shotguns and a pistol. "Don't shoot me boys," said Henry Dulaney. That was the first time I heard any one speak from the carriage. The carriage drove rapidly on. Two or three shots were fired after the carriage passed, but I don't know who it was that fired them. Henry Dulaney and all the rest of the crowd, except Leo Tate and myself, went up to the top of the hill. Tate and I were

DOWN ON THE ROAD

Off on our horses. Tate was lying upon the bank, and I asked him if he was shot. He said no. We got on our horses and rode up to the crowd. Tate gave Henry Dulaney his horse and got into the buggy with Will

Holt, and we all started down the road for home. We passed the Green Robinson house and stopped on the hill, and Frank Holt offered Henry Dulaney his gun and asked him if he wanted revenge. He told him if he did, said Holt, "We will go back and get it." I told George Dulaney to come and go home. It was bad enough as it was. George Dulaney and I started off, and the balance followed. We came on down between the Dyer hill and Hughes, and Henry Dulaney said, "I will get off my horse and walk the balance of the way."

And Frank Holt or George Dulaney, one of them, I cannot say which, took his horse. Several of the crowd then said we must keep this secret. This was near Hughes. Tate and I came on to Sturgis. Tate brought the gun I had home with him. While we were on the hill at the place where the shooting was done and the carriage had gone out of sight Henry Dulaney said: "I refused to let one man marry me." Oliver said, "I will give you one more chance, then if you don't marry her I will kill you and then give myself up. I put it off as long as I could, thinking the boys would come up." Some of the crowd then said if George Henry had sent word, as he ought to have done, then we would have gotten here sooner. The affiant, Lewis Land, says the statements contained in the above affidavit are true.

Sworn to and subscribed to by me this seventh day of April, 1893.

A. J. BERRY, P. J. S.

Attest: J. J. Jones, W. W. Pierson.

This is Mr. Land's confession in full. He also exonerated George Henry, and says owing to the fact of this innocent man being in jail on this charge and apparently in imminent danger of being mobbed, caused him to make his confession.

Lewis Land, Alex. Thompson and Will Holt were

TAKEN TO MORGANFIELD

And lodged in jail. Everybody is excited and the outlook is not very encouraging. Land made a clean breast of the matter this morning and gave himself up, and said that he could not stand it any longer. He fully clears George Henry. All those arrested have been refused bond, and are now in jail at Morganfield.

ALL MEN LIKE TO GAMBLE.

Pools Recently Sold in Washington on the Exact Moment of an Execution.

Man is a natural born gambler, says a Washington correspondent of the Louisville Times. Caesar, Napoleon, Cromwell and Columbus were only gamblers with empires for stakes. Jay Gould playing for millions and the little negro in the back alley shooting craps for pennies were alike gamblers. The record of "White" in London show what a race of gamblers the Anglo-Saxon is.

There are yet preserved the bets of sports of that day. One gambler bet another that the Countess of Dorset, then just married, would present her lord an heir within a given period; another bet was upon the sex of the expected heir of another noble dame. Another bet was that a certain period. Bets were made upon every conceivable subject and conceivable contingency. One night a young greenhorn approached old Queensberry and said:

"Sandwich is cheating cards. What shall I do about it?"

"Do! Do!" replied the old proponent, "why, back him, you d—d fool!" and up went ten guineas of old Queen's money on the titled blackleg.

Last Friday a man was hanged in this town. The warrant directed the warden to execute the sentence between the hours of 8 a. m. and 12 a. m. The night before, at a certain place within a stone's toss of the national capital, pools were sold on the hours—the gambler, or gamblers, coming nearest the hour of execution to take the purse. Other bets were made as to whether or not the President would commute the sentence, or give the cowering man a respite. Big money changed hands, and, on the whole, the subject considered, we rather beat our English cousins of a hundred years ago.

Too Young To Be Convicted.

Lancaster, Ky., April 8.—John Shanks, the eleven-year-old boy taken to the penitentiary this week by Sheriff Curtis A. Robinson to serve twelve years for grand larceny, arrived here again to-night guarded only by a shiping-tag, upon which was written:

"From the Mason & Ford Company."

"Monkey John, as he was commonly called, had on a new suit of clothes, and claims that the Warden gave him \$5 to come home on. He was too young.

Household Receipts.

NOVEL RICE PANCAKES.

Mix two table-spoonfuls of ground rice into a pint of cream, let it over a slow fire and stir well until it thickens. Pour into the liquid six ounces of butter melted, add half a grated nutmeg and pour the whole into an earthen pan. When it is cold stir in two table-spoonfuls of dry flour, a pinch of salt, two ounces of castor sugar and six well beaten eggs. Mix all thoroughly together and fry the pancakes a good color. When milk is used instead of cream allow one more table-spoonful of rice. Only small quantities should be poured into the pan at one time on account of its lightness.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

Molasses, for all kinds of cooking, is much improved by boiling and skimming.

Don't forget that there is nothing like hot water and the rubber bandage for a sprain. The hot water shoos the incriminated ligaments, the bandage prevents swelling. Liniments are worse than useless.

Have you ever tried cleaning carving knife, fork and steel with emery paper? A little bit lasts a long while, and makes them beautiful and bright with slight labor.

BAKED HAM.

One quart of cold cooked beef, chopped fine, one pint of chopped uncooked potatoes, two eggs, salt and pepper. Put the chopped potatoes in a stewing pan with one pint of water. Let them stew five minutes, then add the meat and enough water to make the mixture moist. Stew ten minutes longer.

Take from the fire, add the eggs (beaten), a tea-spoonful of salt and three dashes of black pepper. Turn into a baking dish and bake twenty minutes in a quick oven.

LEMON CREAM PUDDING.

Place a saucepan over the fire with the rind of one lemon and the juice of three, one cup of sugar, one cup of white wine and the yolks of four eggs; stir until nearly boiling; remove from the fire and add three quarters of an ounce of gelatine, which has been soaked a few minutes in cold water, when nearly cold add one pint of cream and set on ice to get firm.

NEW ENGLAND GINGERBREAD.

Half cup lard, half cup butter, one and one half cup molasses, half cup sugar, one cup milk, one tea-spoonful ginger, one table-spoonful cinnamon, two eggs, enough flour to make it as stiff as for a pound cake; stir lard, butter, sugar, molasses and spices together to light cream, add eggs beaten light, milk and soda, last flour.

APPLE FLOATING ISLAND.

Beat the whites of three eggs with half a cupful of sugar and two cupfuls of cold stewed apples until the mixture is very light; lay it on top of a boiled custard composed of three yolks three coffee cupfuls of milk, four table-spoonfuls of sugar and a tea-spoonful of nutmeg.

CUT UP THE FRUIT INTO SLICES, LAY IT IN YOUR DISH AND SPRINKLE SOME SUGAR AMONG IT WHEN FULL, PUT IN THE JUICE OF TWO LEMONS, WITH A LITTLE OF THE RIND FINELY SHRED, AND SOME CINNAMON POWDER; LINE THE DISH AND COVER IT WITH A TOLERABLY GOOD CRUST AND BAKE IT FOR ABOUT AN HOUR. BEFORE SERVING SIFT A LITTLE SUGAR OVER IT.

COQUETTE CREAM.

Put into a saucepan any remnants of boiled salt cod (pickled out in flakes and perfectly free from bone and skin) with a piece of butter and a cupful of cream, plenty of white pepper and a little mustard. Let the whole simmer till perfectly hot, but do not let it boil, and serve.

HOMINY CROQUETTES.

Soften a cupful of cold boiled hominy, fine grained, with a cupful of sweet milk and a well beaten egg. Mix thoroughly and add a tea-spoonful of white sugar, with pepper, salt and butter. Form into croquettes, dip in beaten egg and cracker crumbs and fry in hot lard.

MUSH BISCUITS.

Mix enough flour with two quart of cold mush and half a cup of lard to make it roll nicely on a molding board. Roll the dough about as thick as you would for biscuits, cut it into cakes with a biscuit-cutter and bake a rich brown color for twenty minutes.

WIKEN BOLLING.

Here is a little hint I have just picked up, which seems so useful that I repeat it. Very few people know that the best way to prevent meat or fish sticking to the grilliron is to lay a number of oiled straws upon the latter before beginning to cook.

GOING SPINGS.

We need a Sunday school at Post Oak, and we want James Pickens as Superintendent.

Mrs. S. A. Cain is on the sick list. Frank Fritts has been taking the school census.

JAMES B. EUSTIS.



MINISTER TO FRANCE.

James B. Eustis, who has been named Minister to France, was Mr. Whit's predecessor as a Senator from Louisiana, and is a native of that State, about 59 years of age and possesses legal abilities of the highest order. During the civil war he served on the staff of General Joe Johnson, afterwards resuming his law practice at New Orleans. He was a prominent figure during the reconstruction era in Louisiana, having been one of the committee which came to Washington to confer with Andrew Johnson on the subject. He served two terms in the U. S. Senate, his service expiring in 1891, since which date he has been engaged in the practice of his profession. He is well equipped for his post; is a man of high culture, is very wealthy, speaks French fluently and was, during his service in the Senate, a very prominent member of the committee on Foreign Relations. As is well known he married into the family of the Washington millionaire and philanthropist, W. W. Corcoran, but is now a widower; he has two grown sons and one married daughter.

DEATH BY STARVING.

Starving to Death in a Mine.

(St. Louis Globe Democrat.)

"The most horrible death of all is that of starving," observed Oscar Christiansen, who is stopping at the Richelieu. "The most vigor is lent to it by being imprisoned in a cave or mine. Some years ago I was working in a coal mine near Padua, Ohio. The distance from the mouth down to the first vein, where I was working, was sixty-three feet. It was an eight foot vein, and had been well worked, so that many large chambers were made and plenty of space was had to move about in."

"A miner's life is rather wearisome and lonely, indeed. You have to labor all day long in darkness, with only a little weak lamp on your cap to break the intense darkness. The life is much too hard for the recompense. Then one's life is always in danger. Great rocks are liable and do frequently fall. Explosive gases and fire-damp are generated, and the first approach of light sets them off. The mine is then wrecked and the miners—well, I was once caught in a mine wreck, and in that great vein at Padua."

"I was working very quietly, away back from the shaft, and all alone. My labors were interrupted by a dull, muffled roar that was followed by falling earth, and then I realized that I was penned in; that the mine was wrecked, and that my life was worth very little. The noise soon died away and things were much as they were before. But a little distance from my position the earth had fallen and blocked the path."

"I was at first overcome with fear. I imagined that I could hear my brains grinding in a tunnel. Then I lost all consciousness. When I awoke again I was somewhat more calm, and began to move about. I crawled along over great banks of earth that had fallen for a distance of fully 100 feet, then I heard groans, and I knew that I was near some injured miner. But here my progress stopped, and I had to quit. A few hours later my light burned out, and then my misery was complete."

"For eight days I remained quite near that one spot, hoping against hope for deliverance. It came eventually. I heard the sound of picks, and soon the glimmer of miner's lamps shone through the various crevices. When I an opening was made I crawled out, and I assure you that I gave thanks. Yes, that's why people say I look old now, when I am only 35, and that's why my hair is gray. But I assure you that an aged expression and gray hair are endurable, but to starve to death in a mine is the awful and deadliest way to beat out a man's existence in this world that I can conceive of."

GIVEN AWAY!

They Absolutely cost You Nothing.

Watches And Clocks.

All I want is your Cash Trade; with every \$10 cash you spend with me, you get a clock free, with every Twenty Dollars you spend you get a watch free.

I offer these as an inducement to cash buyers. Come and examine my stock, you will find my prices as low or lower than any other house in the county. Remember you are not compelled to buy this amount at one time; we keep an account of your purchases and when you have bought the required amount, you are entitled to a watch or clock. Call on me.

W. L. CLEMENT, Tolu, Ky.

We have just returned from the market where we have ever had. Our prices will please all the people. Come in and see. J. H. MORSE.

CHINESE BRUTALITY.

A Dying Man Dragged Stark Naked Through the Streets.

A horrible illustration of the brutality of the Chinese in the treatment of those of their race who are known to be dying was furnished yesterday. The Celestials have a superstition that ill-luck will attend a house in which a death occurs. This is why two coolies were seen about noon yesterday dragging the naked body of a dying fellow-countryman along the street at the corner of Clay and Dupont streets.

Low Yin, a Chinese merchant recently from San Antonio, Tex., had been very ill at the store of Chung Tai, at 803 Dupont street, for several weeks. The Chinese in the place believed that he was about to die and wanted to get him out of the house so that that bad luck would not fall on it. Without regard of decency or humanity, they dragged him out of the bed and hustled him naked down Clay street to the undertaker shop of Quong Fook On, at 760 Clay street. People who saw it ran to the Chief of Police with all kinds of stories of highlanders and murder, and Detectives Cox and Glennon were sent to investigate.

The officers found Low Yin in a dirty place called a hospital, underneath the undertaker's shop, where sick Chinese are brought to die. Low Yin was found on a filthy bed, nearly smothered with blankets placed around his head. These were torn away by the detectives and Dr. Bunker was still alive, but he died soon afterward. There were no arrests.

TANSY KILLS MOTH.

Certain Death to the Little Pests That Come in the Spring.

[Good Housekeeping.]

There is one sure preventive of moths, and one which I have never seen mentioned. It is tansy. Sprinkle the leaves freely about your woodens and furs and the moths will never get into them. When I was a child my grandmother used to send me to the tansy patch on the hill with a large

basket in which to bring home plenty of tansy leaves. In the garret were five large hair-covered trunks, studded with brass nails, filled with her best blankets, coverlets, flannel sheets, etc. Some of them had never been used until my grandmother had grandchildren, notwithstanding she always had a large family to provide beds for. But the supply of her bedding, linen and other household articles was in excess of the demand.

This large amount of bedding, tablecloths, towels and linen sheets was spun and woven in her father's house, and the girls were given full liberty to take all they were willing to make up for themselves. That was part of their marriage dower. I can well remember how grandmother took the extra supply out of those trunks in the garret once a year, hung the articles on a clothes line down in the orchard, beat them, and then put them away again to lie amid the tansy leaves until another year. The fourth generation of her posterity are sleeping under those same blankets and blue and white coverlet now, which proves the efficacy of that remedy of the olden time.

THE WORD CEMETERY.

Origin of a Word Now Used by Every Mortal of Us.

[Globe-Democrat.]

Webster says cemetery is "a place where the dead bodies of human beings are buried." But that is all he says, and there is not a five-year-old child in the land that could not tell as much without referring to his "Unabridged."

In tracing the derivation of the word I find that the root is in an old Jewish word, "caemeteria," meaning dormitories or sleeping places. Later on the form of expression was changed to "repositorium." In that section of "Camden's Remains" which has the heading of "Concerning British Epitaphs," I find the following (page 345, edition of 1650):

"The place of burial was called by

St. Paul 'Semenatoria,' in the respect of a sure hope of resurrection." The Greeks call it "cemeterion," which means a sleeping place until the resurrection. The old Hebrew word for cemetery means "the house of the living," the idea being that death is only a protracted sleep that will terminate on the day when Gabriel blows his trumpet.

The Improvement of Horses.

Harper's Weekly.

The sooner the farmers in the United States realize the fact that the ordinary and commonly bred horse is likely to deteriorate in value year by year, the better it will be for them. The use of cables to drag street cars has already reduced the service performed by horses in the cities, and the extension of the trolley system in the suburbs, and the perfection of electric motors, will relieve many other thousands of horses from such service. It has not been so very long since nearly all the threshing was done by horses; now only a very small percentage of even the threshing machines are worked by horse power. Practically, all of the ploughing is now done by horses, but a cheap and practical steam-plough will be shown to visitors to the World's Fair, and it is not improbable that in ten years from now quite a large percentage of ploughing will be done without the aid of horses. The need in the cities and on the farms for fewer horses will tend more and more to reduce their market value. Commonly bred horses will be the first to deteriorate in price; indeed, it is doubtful whether finely bred horses will suffer at all. There is no reason why they should. The purposes for which they are used will not be affected by any inventions revolutionizing methods of transportation or tillage. Even though we could fly in the air with a balloon entirely under control a spin on the road behind a pair of trotters, or a gallop across country, would give just as much pleasure as to continue to be as valuable as ever, while humbler animals—those that drag street cars and ploughs—will be less valuable year by year.

Paducah Presbytery.

Paducah Presbytery was in session at Paducah last week. The next session, says the News, will convene in Morganfield.

Morganfield on Thursday evening preceding the second Sunday in September. The programme for the elders and deacons' meeting to be held at that session of Presbytery is as follows:

1. What are the duties of an elder? To be discussed by Mr. W. J. Marshall and Hon. Malcom Yeacom, of Henderson.
2. What are the qualifications of an elder? Josiah Harris, Paducah.
3. What are the duties of a deacon? Hon. M. Merritt, of Henderson.
4. What are the qualifications of a deacon? Deacon George B. Hart, of Paducah.
5. Is it incumbent on elders to hold service on the Sabbath in the absence of the pastor? Dr. I. C. Morton, of Morganfield.
6. Is it the duty of the session to see that catechetical instruction is given to the children? J. K. McGowan, of Princeton.
7. What is the best method of conducting the finances of the church? W. I. Druce, of Marion.

After attending to some other business of minor importance the Presbytery adjourned.

Greatest of all Crimes.

Minneapolis Times.

There is no higher crime against the people than corrupt or fraudulent elections. It saps and mines the very foundations of our political structure. Its evils grow and extend through the body politic like the roots of a cancer. It destroys free institutions and government by the people. And the unscrupulous man who spends money to secure a nomination or election to office will, nine times out of ten, plunder the public treasury in some form or other to repay himself the money so expended.